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CYRUS F. ORR Master



## ALASKA SENTINEL.

Published every Thursday by  
**A. V. R. SNYDER**  
Editor and Proprietor.

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Promptly and Satisfactorily Done.  
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**JORGEN E. BERG.**

Burns equally as well as coal, and will be sold cheaper than wood or coal.

Ready for delivery by Sept. 1st.

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WRANGELL, ALASKA.

**FRANK DANDY, Proprietor.**

The Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars—  
Domestic and Imported.

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The boys are invited to Call.

**WILLOUGHBY CLARK,**

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and Notary Public.

Office—Opposite Pioneer Saloon,  
Wrangell, Alaska

With an extension of his reservoir mayor Jensen will have water sufficient to supply a greater part of the town most of the year. With about a 4-inch pipe-line leading to Front street, and a couple of fire-plugs and a couple hundred feet of standard hose, the central part of town would be afforded pretty good fire protection.

### Our Local Grist.

There was an excursion over to Mill Creek, Sunday.

Sing Lee made a trip up the country last week to visit his cousin.

There was the usual social hop at Red Men's hall, last Saturday evening.

Mr. M. R. Rosenthal, after being quite ill all last week, is on the streets again.

Several children in town are whooping as if they had the regular old cough.

Ole Johnson and three other men are over at work on the Basin mining property.

The Wrangell Robe Tannery will tan your Furs and Hides properly.

E. West & P. H. H. H.

Sim Freeman says he wouldn't have minded so much the falling overboard and getting a ducking if he hadn't lost those three plums.

A picnic party of ladies and gentlemen went to Mill Creek, one day last week, on the Patience, and spent the day very pleasantly.

Mrs. Worden and children reached home from Seattle, on the Dolphin, last week. She left her father, Mr. Turner, very poorly.

Mr. Z. R. Cheney, one of Juneau's bright young attorneys, was in Wrangell several days during the week on legal business.

Herman Siemer, after being absent for several months, returned on the Humboldt from the north. He has been at different points.

It will take 60,000 feet of lumber for those government buildings, and David Johnson has the contract for delivering it at \$1.75 per M.

The young gentleman in town who was looking for "oil to make green light" is advised that "red lamp-black" is an excellent substitute.

F. W. Carlyon accompanied Messrs. Harvey and Singer to Whitehorse, last week, where he is interested in the new mines being developed there.

No one in Wrangell has a nicer collection of flowers than can be seen at the Churchill home. A Dahlia in the list is one of the finest we have ever seen.

Lost—On the streets of Wrangell, a "Pink Gold" Watch Chain, that had been broken off close to watch. Finder will be satisfactorily rewarded by returning to SENTINEL office.

The many friends of Capt. Edwin Hofstad at this place will be glad to know that his reported rich find mentioned in another column, is a stern reality. He is deserving of success in its fullest measure.

Messrs. Engstrom, Darwell and Nickerson have had splendid luck in their salmon salting business. With 200 barrels filled, it made a load for the schooner Port Royal. It was necessary to ship these below. And the season is scarcely half gone.

Walter Campen is experimenting on smoking salmon, for lunches, that promises to be all right. They are slightly salted and then thoroughly cured by smoking, but not enough to render them hard and unpalatable as is the case in many instances. The one brought to the SENTINEL office is just right.

K. J. Knigge returned from below the fore part of last week, where he went to dispose of the fish put up by himself and Messrs. Svindseth, Olsen and Summers. He had 21 tierces, that it took the four men about six weeks to put up, and these readily brought \$1200.

The SENTINEL goes to press Wednesday 2nd, to announce the wedding of Mr. Lauros R. Milligan, well and favorably known here, and Miss Nina A. Burns, to be solemnized at the People's Church, by Rev. H. P. Corser, this (Wednesday) evening, and to which all are cordially invited to be present.

Lawrence Horgheim is suffering from a badly broken left forearm. Last Thursday he fell from the "icket fence surrounding the house yard, and catching the arm between two pickets, broke both bones square off. Dr. DeVigne was called, adjusted the broken parts, and Lawrence is doing well.

We notice by Juneau papers that H. H. Hunter has gone below with his family. This would indicate that he will not be here to take up the development work on the Johnson-Olsen claims this year, at least. After that it will be too late for Mr. Hunter, as other parties are anxious to take hold of the property.

Rev. and Mrs. Jenkins and two children came up from Ketchikan on the Seattle. Mrs. Jenkins remains for a few days to give the children a chance to enjoy themselves on our grassy plots. Rev. Jenkins delivered an interesting sermon at People's church Sunday evening.

Mr. L. J. Swartz, who is looking after the interests of the Barnes Lake Bay cannery, was in town last week and came in to tell the SENTINEL that they are getting along nicely, having put up over 4,000 cases of first-class salmon. We hope to see this cannery get a full pack this season.

Prof. Fred Chase of Shakan came up on the Clatawa and spent Sunday in our town, returning on the boat. He says things are running smoothly at Shakan; the cannery has put up about 4,000 cases of salmon, the contractors have the new teachers' residence well along and it will soon be completed. Prof. Chase expects to be employed at Shakan as teacher for next year.

One of the latest arrivals at Wrangell is George C. L. Snyder, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. R. Snyder, who arrived on the City of Seattle. He is a printer by occupation, and for several years has been employed in the state printing office at Salem, Oregon, and as there was a lull in work he concluded to visit Alaska. George was one of the first to respond to the call for volunteers for the Philippines, and was the first man wounded at Malabon, a renouncing ball piercing his body near the right nipple. He is one of Oregon's noted warblers, and may give a musical recital while here. We are glad to have him with us.

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**Gum Boots, Groceries,**

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**DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor.**

Wrangell, Alaska.



AGENTS FOR

**Hercules Powder.**

AGENTS FOR

**UNION Gas Engine.**

**St. Michael Trading Co.**

Wrangell, Alaska.

## PROGRAM OF SERVICES

—AT THE—

**Peoples' Church for the Month of Aug.**

Sunday, Aug. 6—Sermon by Bishop Rowe.  
" " 13—Service of Song. Address, "Stay at home travels"  
" " 20—The story of the four Gospels.  
" " 27—"Hannah." A sermon for the beginning of the School Year.

Interpreted service, 10:30; Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30; Sunday school, 2:30; Christian Endeavor, 4; Evening Service, 7:30.

You are Earnestly Invited to Attend.

H. P. CORSER, Minister.

**Alaska's Magazine.**

**Bright, Crispy, Energetic,**

Devoted entirely to Alaska and its Wonderful Resources. The July number is now in the press, and will soon be ready for distribution.

Just the thing to Send East.

Be sure and order it from your Local News Dealer.



Manager Harvey and Supt. and Mrs. Singer were passengers north on the last Dolphin to look after mining interests near Whitehorse, Y. T., and incidentally to attend to some court matters on the way up. Both called at the SENTINEL office, but both refused to talk for publication, except that Mr. Harvey said that the Olympic company had been reorganized on a substantial basis; that within a few days enough money would be forthcoming to meet all obligations, and that they hoped before long to resume work at the Woodsky mines. Just how soon this would be done, however, he was not prepared to say, but will notify the people through the SENTINEL in due time. All were delighted to see these two men, as they believe their coming bodes good for this whole section.

The other day the reporter met watchman Smith, of the A. P. A. cannery, on the street, and Smith hopped onto him like a chicken onto a dime bag, with "Say, why don't you give the news; why don't you tell the people about Goodwin, Waterbury and Phillips coming over there and catching boatloads of fine halibut?" Well, for this oversight we beg pardon for the oversight, as we knew it, for each catch that was made the printer was plentifully supplied. Near the cannery are good land but grounds and a great many are taken. But while Mr. Smith was talking about not giving the news, he neglected to say anything about that excellent job of whitewashing and general cleaning up he has been doing and the apple order he has things in about the cannery and adjoining buildings. Smith evidently doesn't believe in "blowing his own horn."

James Thompson, of the Hudson Bay Co., and two Indians, arrived down from Telegraph Creek Saturday evening in a Peterborough canoe, having made the trip in thirty-three hours, which we believe is a record-breaker for small craft. Mr. Thompson said that owing to a shortage of water the various mining companies in the interior are able to work only part of the time. At Clearwater work continues unabated and with excellent results.

Gov. A. P. Swineford, of Ketchikan, was a passenger for Juneau on the Dolphin last week and came in for a chat with the SENTINEL force. He was accompanied by Mrs. Swineford, and also by his daughter Mrs. Stafford and her daughter Ruth, who are out from Marquette, Mich., on a visit.

E. Goodwin, son, Clint, and daughter, Pauline, Pauline Singer, Bertha, and Aurora Lemieux went down to Shoemaker Bay, Saturday, camped over night, and returned home Sunday.

Frank Goodrich is improving his residence property by building a neat addition to his house.

Prof. Geo. H. Elson has written an excellent story for one of the leading magazines—the Argosy.

Reed's wharf is now substantially repaired, so much so that the big steamers never budge it.

School is to open the 1st of Sept.—less than a month away. And that leads us to ask if the furniture has been ordered.

Mr. N. J. Svindseth is now associated with Walter Campen in putting up salt salmon.

Tonight (Thursday) is the regular monthly meeting of the Wrangell Town Council for August.

The run of salmon on the Prince of Wales is reported improving and cannermen are correspondingly happy.

The German cruiser Falk was at this place Monday. She is making a tour of S. E. Alaska.

Capt. Callbreath was brought up from the hatchery, Monday. His eyesight is almost entirely gone.

Receiver Davidson came down from Juneau on the Seattle.



## Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

VRANGEL.....ALASKA.

Lots of men secretly pray for their wives.

Occasionally you bump up against a man who is too lazy to think.

Give to others the best you have and something better will come back to you.

Japan holds that there are two kinds of strict neutrality—British and French.

Mr. Vanderlip thinks bank clerks ought to be pensioned. How about Pullman porters?

The University of Chicago is now worth nearly \$19,000,000 and making no effort to die poor.

"We demand suffrage," says the zemstvos. "Well, suffer and be blanked," say the autocrats.

Edison says an inventor is a bulldog with a poetic temperament. This is quite a tribute to the poetic temperament.

Every dollar spent in the education of the children brings hundredfold returns to the parents, the people in the aggregate, and the state.

There is only one Paderewski. May his fingers, and his muscles, and his nerves regain all their cunning, and may his hair continue to wave.

Let us keep quiet about those yellow fever germs that we have annexed with the canal strip or France may be around trying to collect more money.

"There is good and there is bad on the stage," says Bishop Potter. He cautiously refrains, however, from causing a rush to the bad by telling where it is.

Mrs. Leslie Carter can't act because she hurt her feet. There are several scores of others on the stage who can't act, and there's nothing wrong with their feet, either.

Count Cassini has been "promoted to Madrid," according to a dispatch from St. Petersburg. Ah, those Russians know how to sting us because of the sympathy that has been shown in this country for the Japanese.

Social notes inform the country that a somewhat famous woman wore \$840,000 worth of jewels at a recent wedding in New York. Would it not have served the same purpose if she had worn a certified check for that sum?

A genius has invented a contrivance to prevent women from stepping off backward when they leave street cars. This is good work. We hope the inventor will now turn his attention to the business of inventing some kind of a device that will keep fools from rocking boats.

At a convention of women in Richmond, Va., the other day Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge of New York said: "The absolute limit of a woman's capacity for taking care of babies is eight, and she ought never to have more than six." Mrs. Dodge's attention is respectfully called to the Mayor of Chicago and the President of the United States.

The political corruption of strikes in the United States is the most striking feature of the American system of government. The greatest numbers of voters in our cities are respectable citizens, highly esteemed and believed to be upright and honest in every way, and yet too often the men who are elected to office are tricksters, jobbers and wholly corrupt; nevertheless, they are elected by these same worthy citizens, either by votes cast outright for them or by failing to vote and thereby silently consenting to such election.

William Lang, who ran two miles in nine minutes and eleven and a half seconds on August 1, 1893, thereby establishing a record which has not since been beaten, is an inmate of an English almshouse. He was a professional athlete, that is, an athlete who exhibits his prowess for pay, instead of one who develops his muscles for the sake of making his body a more perfect instrument of his mind to be used in the serious work of the world. The end of the professional athlete is seldom as happy or as prosperous as the end of the professional farmer or carpenter or mason or blacksmith.

Since the world began the free spender, even though he spends on nothing productive, has been popular, while the miser who spends nothing and therefore reserves all for productive investment has been anathematized. Certainly, in view of the present adjustment of human society, enormous would be the suffering which would follow if the rich should determine to return to the simple life—to wear only hoddens gray and dine on homely fare. Such a change might be good for the next generation, but it would be hard on the present one, and it is in this present one that the vast majority, however much they may love posterity, are chiefly interested.

The interest in farming and in farm life was never so manifest as now. It is everywhere manifest. The city merchant, manufacturer and profes-

sional man having surplus capital, now turns his attention to the country for investment. It is being understood in financial circles that there is no better investment. It is good for an income if handled right. And then there is something ennobling in the possession and the direction of broad acres. The feudal system of landlords impressed itself durably upon the Anglo-Saxon. The desire for possession of mother earth is in the blood. The more extensive the possession the greater the pleasure, and the greater the incentive to improvement. It is a happy tendency. It means much for that great interest. As time passes and our population increases, farm lands will become more and more valuable, and necessarily more and more profitable. The extent of our farm lands is already defined. There will be no additions in our continent. Hence, the number of acres per capita will grow less and less until ultimately, like Japan, we will average a large number of people to the acre. Statistics give the Japanese average at 149 to every acre of land in its group of islands. We will in the distant future become alike populated. In any event, in the nature of things, productive lands will advance in price. It is a fact to be borne in mind by the land owner.

Though immigration is larger and heavier than ever, its distribution is so haphazard and crude that even rural New York finds farm labor scarce and dear. Farmers and agricultural laborers arrive in masses weekly, but those of them that do not go west in the hope of getting free homesteads remain in the eastern centers, further overcrowding congested foreign "colonies." It is stated, on the authority of the immigration officials, that in the last fiscal year 82 per cent of the whole number of immigrants remained in New York City—a showing that is justly regarded as grave and menacing. Commissioner General Sargeant has, as head of the Immigration Bureau, devoted much study and reflection to the question of more satisfactory and systematic distribution of aliens, believing that such distribution is both more expedient and more urgent than further restriction of immigration. He does not propose the arbitrary closing of this or that area to newcomers, but he holds that much can be accomplished by federal and state co-operation in a constructive, practical way. The Commissioner contemplates the establishment of a completely equipped bureau of information, with state exhibits as a prominent feature, to serve as a guide to the immigrant. Each state is to be represented by a special agent and to install exhibits showing its principal industries, the prevailing rate of wages, the prospects for work and home ownership, the transportation facilities, etc. Railroad companies are to be invited to establish similar agencies to furnish information concerning work on and unoccupied land along their respective lines. Thus an alien, without leaving Ellis Island, could ascertain where and on what terms employment or small plots of land might be had. Of course, it would devolve on the supervising and controlling authorities to keep the land swindler, the reckless "promoter," the would-be violator of the contract labor law at a safe distance from this "permanent exposition" for the benefit of aliens anxious to become self-supporting in the land of opportunity. It would be the duty of the Immigration Bureau to prevent the "exploitation" and misuse of the Bureau of Information, and the proper discharge of this duty might not be easy at first. But earnestness and efficiency would in time solve the problem. The advantages of the scheme are obvious, and in the South especially, where the demand for the right sort of immigrants is very active just now, owing to prosperous conditions and unusual railway construction, it has been cordially approved. The beginning might be modest—one building and the organization of a small force of employees, some federal and some acting for the states needing immigration most.

**A Marriage Epidemic.**  
Serbia is troubled with an epidemic of marriages. The cause is said to be the system of marriage banks, founded as an encouragement to thrift, but which have proved to have quite an opposite effect. The young men and maidens of Serbia begin paying in to these institutions at an early age on the promise of a premium on marriage. Immediately a small sum has been accumulated the desire for marriage grows overwhelming, and in consequence premature early and unhappy marriages are general. The matter has now reached such lengths that it is seriously troubling the government, and the advisability of abolishing the banks, which are held to be the root of the evil, is being debated.

**From Sexton to "Wirgin."**  
A quaint old gravedigger, who holds the ancient offices of parish clerk and beadle as well, is to be found in a little village in Yorkshire. Recently a lady who was searching for the grave of a friend inquired of the old man if he was the sexton. "Well, mum," he said, "folks used to call me the sexton, then they called me the beadle, and now they call me the 'wirgin'."

**High Up in Tibet.**  
Recent travelers in Tibet have noticed that while effects of the rarefied air are severely felt at altitudes of between 14,000 and 16,000 feet, on going yet higher all disagreeable sensations pass off.

**There is no originality in abuse; all those who don't like greens call them "weeds."**

# WOMEN AND FASHION

## Something to Tie To.

It was at the last of the inauguration concerts given at the pension building "in honor of the American people." At one end of the great hall was the platform, filled by the chorus and the Marine band. Everywhere else—in throngs upon the floor, in a closely packed procession pressing through the upper gallery, filling every chair in the various rooms—were people of every class and station, women in evening gowns and women in shirt-waists, men from city, farm and prairie, Saxon and negro, native and foreign-born, in short—the "American people."

Presently there appeared at the entrance of one of the rooms a stout, pleasant-faced woman with a bevy of half a dozen young people. Just as the group appeared two persons who had been sitting in the room rose to leave. The stout woman, with a sigh of relief, secured one of the chairs.

"There," she exclaimed, "now we're fixed! You young folks can go where you want to, but I'm going to stay right here. Now mind, you're all going to meet here to start home. I shall stay till every last one of you has come, if I have to camp here all night. And you needn't any of you try to stir me before that, for I shan't budge."

The young people laughed and scattered; the newcomer turned to the stranger next her.

"Tisn't any picnic to take half a dozen young folks to inauguration," she confided, "but we've got along first rate by my always giving them one thing to tie to and leaving them free for the rest. They're so afraid they'll miss something, young people are. They haven't learned that no mortal living can see the whole of anything, and that the biggest part of what you see is inside your head, not outside, anyway. They wouldn't believe it if any one should tell them I have better times than they do, but I do."

Yet it was easy to believe that she did. Her shrewd, kindly face was full of interest in everything and everybody. Several times in the course of the evening some of her charges drifted back—one or two to rest, a girl to have a torn dress pinned up, and at last, one with a message:

"Phil says he's found a quicker way to get out, and we'd better come down to him."

Then the spectators had a new light. "You tell Phil that he's known his Aunt Martha over twenty years, and she hasn't changed in the last hour. He'll come back here."

So Phil came, laughing but obedient. Aunt Martha gave him a humorous glance, but the matter was not mentioned between them. Promptly and in good order she got her party off.

"Wouldn't you like to have an Aunt Martha 'to tie to'?" asked a woman who witnessed the scene, of her friend.

"I'd like to present one to every family I know, including my own," was the prompt response.—Youth's Companion.

## A Class-Day Frock.

A class-day or graduation dance frock of pink silk mousseline. The skirt is in fine tucks over the hips and finished around the bottom with three deep tucks. A round semi-low neck is employed on the bodice, which is effectively trimmed with a



A CLASS-DAY FROCK.

double collar, cut in deep, round scallops and edged with a ruffle of fine white lace. A box plait down the front is trimmed with small rhinestone buttons and a deep pointed girdle of silk confines the bodice waist. One large puff forms the sleeve, which is elbow-length with a cuff of lace and soft pink ribbon.

## Cooking by Electricity.

If you live in a flat or an apartment house, you live just where electricity can be used to its best advantage. The janitor's fires in the basement supply your hot water. All you require is occasional heat for the preparation of meals, and when you want it you want it in the quickest,

cleanest and least troublesome form. Here the electric cooker just fits the situation to a dot. As you never have overmuch room in an apartment house, the compactness of the electric scheme is a delight. Some of the latest New York flats are furnished with electrical outfits so light and tidy that after meals they can be stowed out of sight in the closet. The ordinary and larger flats have electric ranges, all tiled and hooded, so clean and free from smell that you could almost run one on the parlor carpet without "littering up" any. To be able thus to cook with something that doesn't turn your whole flat into a furnace makes electricity in summer a joy forever.—Warren Harper, in the Pilgrim.



White lace gloves are smart wear. Collar and cuff sets grow more covetable every day.

It looks as if tan footwear is to be the only sort worn.

You would never know by looking in the fashion books that the athletic

Herald. To preserve, deprive him of his latchkey and throw a handful of mother-in-law in the house. Shred him of all of his finer feelings by nagging and pound them into a pulp by complaints. When he has simmered down put as much love into the heart as it will hold, add an ocean of sympathy, a word of tenderness, a pound of forbearance and a ton or so of patience.

## Grandmother and Her Jewelry.

Grandmother liked her finger rings to look neat and very refined. That is why the extraordinary showy ones of yesterday, with their huge stones and gorgeous settings, are declining in favor, and simple hoops and half loops are coming into fashion again. The stones are cut out of the same size, and are set quite close together, so that they produce very little show, but look exceedingly well.

But that is not the only way in which the women of this generation are copying their clever grandmothers. They are displaying their jewelry in divers forms, though it must be remembered that the jewelers are not quite so generous as to permit them to wear exactly the same large brooches and wide bracelets that were modish years and years ago. That would not be at all good for trade. But it is often quite possible to have a family treasure such as a cameo rose in modern guise, or to take from an ancient and too heavy bracelet the big amethyst that figured in it as the

## PAIR OF STYLISH COATS.



girl is to exist at all this summer. But she will!

If you can wear almond green, it seems to be the thing.

Pink and blue combinations are reminiscent of Watteau.

A Japanese coat is the model for the newest dressing sacques.

There is a new red which is said to be an exclamation mark.

It takes just a big bow of ribbon to make some hats look adorable.

New girle belts are of moire silk bordered and strapped with colored leather.

Artificial flowers, to supplement an evening toilet, should be frosted with diamond dust.

The short ostrich scarf, going just around the neck and no further, is back again in favor.

Batiste fashions some charming little blouses with round yokes composed of narrow bands of their own material joined by a four stitching.

Hats are all more or less tip-tilted this spring and are perched on the head with an effect at coquetry that the flat hats of last summer could never achieve.

One of the most noticeable features of the new collars and cuffs is the increased depth of the cuff, a change due to the change in the shape of the modish sleeve.

It will be a good deal more fashionable this summer to wear a wrap and perspire than to go coatless and comfortable—else wherefore the beautiful coat creations designed for the hottest season of the year.

The backs of most bodices are prettily trimmed, a good deal of thought and artistic skill being expended upon them. The bretelles crossed behind over the slightly ruched material is an example of this style.

## Recipe to Preserve a Husband.

Select a nice, kind, amiable, industrious man, and prepare him for the ordeal of making him go through a long engagement, which, effectually renders him easy to handle. Gently detach him from all old friends and acquaintances, and remove any bad habits he might have, says the Record-English cosmetic.

## THE QUIET HOUSE.

Oh, mothers, worn and weary  
With cares that never cease,  
With never time for pleasure,  
With days that have no peace;  
With little hands to hinder,  
And feeble steps to guard,  
With tasks that lie unfinished,  
Deem not your lot too hard.

I know a house where playthings  
Are hidden out of sight;  
No sound of childish footsteps  
Is heard from morn till night;  
No tiny hands to litter,  
That pull things all awry;  
No baby hurst to pity  
As the quiet days go by.

And she, the sad-eyed mother—  
What would she give to-day  
To feel your cares and burdens,  
To walk your weary way?  
Ah! happy she, yea blessed,  
Could she again but see  
The rooms all strewn with playthings,  
And the children round her knee!—  
—Montreal Witness.

## MIRANDA'S WHIMS.

It was afternoon on one of the last few hot days of summer. Through the open windows came glimpses of greenwood bespeaking a delicious coolness and the ripple of brooks, but in the school room the air was undeniably close. The scratch of a pencil, the shuffling of impatient little feet, the drone of a lazy bee, all seemed to intensify the impression of heat, and the young schoolmaster stirred restlessly.

It had meant a great deal to Peter Raymond, securing the village school at Wimberly. But he had not found his task an easy one. His eyes, wandering over the rows of bent heads, before him, encountered the glance of a girl seated near the door. The girl, one of the older scholars, with a toss



"I-I HATE YOU."

of her curl, returned to her book, and the trouble in the schoolmaster's face deepened. Here was the crux of the situation. If he could win Miranda Hemming to his side, the remainder of the pupils would follow easily enough. But it was Miranda herself, with her great blue eyes, fetching dimples and coquettish ways, who openly led the revolt against him. The teacher sighed again; perhaps he was too young.

From the very beginning of his work, however, Raymond had recognized the primitive instinct of hostility to the unknown in the questioning eyes uplifted to his own. Now, after five weeks, he seemed no nearer the solution of his problem; indeed, matters under Miranda's spirited glance were becoming even worse, despite his pointed ignoring of her mutiny. He touched the bell.

"First class in grammar," he said. Miranda, with several other girls, ranging from 16 to 18, came slowly forward. It was rather a trying recitation. Most of the girls stumbled. Miranda failed utterly. Nor did she care. To all his questions she answered with provoking nonchalance, evidently indifferent as to whether he were pleased or not. Her rebellion had never before been quite so openly manifest. A sudden line of resolution tightened the young man's mouth.

"You may return to your seats," he said. "Miss Miranda, I shall expect you to remain after school until that lesson is recited perfectly."

"What?" cried the girl. Involuntarily she fell back a step, hardly believing her own ears. That anyone should dare address her, Miranda Hemming, in such fashion, Raymond's expression did not change.

"You heard what I said," he returned, quietly. "It should not take long."

For a moment Miranda, stupefied, hesitated, then she frowned indignantly back to her seat. The whole school, which had dropped all work to listen to the passage at arms between Miranda and the teacher, fairly shivered, and Tom Carruthers, a big, loutish chap of 19, shot a sullen look at Raymond. To scold Miranda! To the quivering excitement of the school, the time until 4 o'clock appeared fairly to fly. Would teacher really keep in Miranda?

When the others arose, Miranda also sprang to her feet, then something in the teacher's expression caused her to sink back in her seat tingling and abashed. It took an unusually long time for the pupils to disperse that day, but at last they were all gone.

"You need not think that I shall study that lesson," she declared with sharp emphasis. Raymond nodded.

"As you please," he answered. "Only here we both stay until you do."

"And I'm not to have any supper?" incredulously.

"Not until you learn that lesson." "But—" burst out Miranda furiously.

Then she closed her lips with a snap and leaned back, her hands tempestuously folded before her. Raymond picked up a book.

"Take your own time," he said pleasantly.

But somehow the book did not prove very enthralling. Between his eyes and the printed pages persisted the vision of a willful little face set in its tangle of wavy hair. Yet he must not be beaten now. His whole future hung on this issue, he thought. The shadows lengthened, the sun dropped behind the hills. Miranda, who for some time had been stealing furtive glances at the quiet figure behind the desk, smiled prettily.

"I'm—'m hungry," she wheedled. For an instant Raymond wavered. This new sweetness was strange and alluring. But before he could speak the door was flung open and Tom Carruthers appeared on the threshold.

"Ben't ye coming home to supper, Mirandy?" he demanded. "Ye'r ma sent me fer ye," darting a suspicious look at her father. "Ain't ye coming? I'll look out fer ye."

"Why," began Miranda, feebly. Raymond, a sudden, unaccountable resentment surging into his heart, frowned.

"Miss Miranda is in no need of a companion," he declared stiffly. "She can leave when she chooses. You may go." And Tom, after an instant's scowling hesitation, went out, banging the door. Miranda bit her lip.

"I will never learn that lesson," she repeated stubbornly.

There was another long silence while the shadows darkened. At last the young man rose and lit the lamp.

"It is nearly 9 o'clock," he said briefly. Miranda, now close upon tears, looked back defiant.

"And if I say it will you let me go?"

"Certainly."

With rapid, choked utterances she flung the text at him, not pausing for question or comment. And then—

"I—I hate you," she cried vehemently, "hate you, hate you. And I'll never come into this horrid schoolroom again!" The bright drops shone in her eyes like dew on forget-me-nots, her cheeks were flushed to a wild rose pink; the girl was shaken, puzzled, hurt. The village boys she had teased and ruled at will. For the first time she had found a man impervious alike to her anger or smiles. From the day that he, a stranger, had met her eyes in calm unconcern she had unconsciously resented the fact; now the repressed wrath of weeks found vent.

"I hate you," she reiterated stormily. The next moment she had flashed through the door and was gone. Raymond, oddly depressed in spite of his victory, followed slowly.

The world was flooded with the tranquil glory of the moonlight as he went out. A narrow path led to the road where a row of maples lifted their leafy branches to the starry skies, and Raymond, fancying that he caught the gleam of a white dress there under the trees, felt his heart-beats quicken. Somehow he had been looking forward to walking home with the girl. Then as he turned from looking the door a dark figure rushed by the corner of the schoolhouse, there was a woman's shrill scream, something heavy struck his forehead and Raymond fell.

It must have been nearly an hour later when Raymond and Miranda stopped at the gate of the girl's home. Hearing footsteps, Mrs. Hemming came out to meet them.

"Well," she said. "So I hear you've been having trouble with Mirandy. Tom was here in quite a state and wanted me to interfere. But I judged you knew how to run your own game," comfortably. "Did ye meet him?" Raymond, feeling the bump left by the stone on his forehead, laughed.

"Yes, we met him," he said whimsically. "And he left us in no doubt as to his opinion of me. Indeed, I might say that he left a decided impression. If it had not been that Miranda, suspecting there might be trouble, waited— But after all, I do not know that I blame him much," he went on. "He could not appreciate that I was acting in Miranda's best interests," with mischievous emphasis. Miranda, very shy and conscious, flushed. Mrs. Hemming lifted her hands.

"What ever am I going to do with that girl?" she ejaculated. "Really, she's growing fairly unmanageable. If she only had a father!" The young man became suddenly quite grave.

"Will you entrust the task to me, Mrs. Hemming?" he asked. "I think I understand her better now."

"Trust you?" cried Mrs. Hemming. "Why, ye're nothing but a boy yourself. How could you be a father to her?" regarding him in perplexed astonishment. Raymond bent and possessed himself of the girl's slender hand.

"No, I suspect that I couldn't be a father to her," he agreed, "but she has just promised to marry me."—Indianaapolis Sun.

## His Repertoire.

President Finley of the College of the City of New York tells this: He was coming down in the Elevated one day last week. Opposite him were seated two men, evidently from up-State. They were discussing the atypical matters.

"This man Mansfield," said one. "I go to see him every time I'm in New York. But there's one thing I never saw him in."

"What's that?" asked his companion.

"It's 'repertoire.' I wonder what sort of a play it is?"

And the other one couldn't enlighten him.—New York Tribune.

A woman can converse on many topics—and she does.



## BASKETS MADE BY GERMANS.

They Are Manufactured by Hand and Are Superior Product.

Baskets are a specialty of the east side in New York City, more particularly of the German quarter. It is the ambition of every woman in the quarter to have a handsome and commodious market basket, and you may see hundreds of such baskets on the arms of men and women in Avenue A and the neighboring streets. Basket shops are more numerous in the German quarter than anywhere else in town, and the baskets bought and sold there are the very best to be had.

Ordinary willow and split baskets sold in the quarter are made in this country, many of them right in the shops where they are exhibited for sale; but the finer baskets are mostly imported from Germany. These baskets are made of fine straw, sea grass, shredded palm leaf and some other materials. The best of them are handsome in form and attractive in coloring. In fact, there is evidently an excellent tradition among the German basket makers, for an ill-formed or crudely colored basket is rarely seen among the imported wares.

These baskets made of fine straw, together with sea grass, are the most beautiful in coloring. The colors are pale-green and warm yellow. In form the baskets are not quite rectangular, with double lids and strong handles. They look soft and pliable, but are rigid and strong. Sometimes the handle is strengthened with a strap of steel. The lids are secured by a catch of straw strongly woven or sometimes a book of metal.

Handsome of all the imported baskets are those of shredded palm leaf. They are rectangular, roomy, beautifully woven with little rectangular interstices, ivory white in color and extremely strong and rigid. The lids, of the same material, are securely hinged and provided with metallic catches. These baskets are in two or three sizes, of which the largest is big enough for a market basket. Other baskets from Germany are fishing baskets big enough for a hearty luncheon, baskets with domed lids suitable for carrying light bulky articles, work baskets for German housewives, children's gayly decorated lunch baskets and a variety of variously formed baskets for special uses. Few of the baskets are merely ornamental; most are designed to serve some useful purpose and none is so delicately wrought that it will not long serve the user.

The German baskets are relatively cheap, say the New York Times, being made largely by women, children and superannuated men, whose time would be otherwise almost valueless. A German basket that sells here for \$2.50, the price of the finest imported baskets, could not be made in New York for half as much again. They are all hand-made, and they cannot be profitably produced in this country until machinery can be applied to the manufacture. The German housewife of the quarter counts her baskets as among her treasures. She buys only the best and has them for all uses, but they last her half a lifetime and are repaired again and again by the skillful basket weavers of the quarters. These beautiful baskets are handled with the utmost care, are not loaded with what they are not intended to carry and kept scrupulously clean and dry.

## HAVE GOOD MAP OF MARS.

Astronomers Know Considerable About the Earth's Nearest Neighbor.

We can draw all the geographical configurations, seas, coasts, islands, peninsulas, mouths of rivers or canals of Mars with accuracy, and we can anticipate what district will appear in the lens of the telescope, for the length of the rotation of the planet is known to the hundredth part of a second. As the planet turns upon its axis more slowly than ours, the calendar of the inhabitants of Mars is composed of two consecutive years of 668 days and a bissextile one of 669 days.

It is not many years since Mars entered into the sphere of our observation. And one can also say that there is but a small number of the inhabitants of this world who have observed it in all its details, and of these the most experienced is Signor Schiaparelli, director of the observatory at Milan.

The geographical map of the planet Mars has just been made with infinite care by the above mentioned astronomer. One might really consider it a terrestrial sphere of continents, islands, coasts, peninsulas, gulfs, waters. Moreover, clouds, rains, inundations, snows, seasons, winters and summers, springs and autumns, prevail, as they do here, and the intensity of the seasons is absolutely the same as with us, the inclination of the axis being the same as ours.

Our problem of the habitability of the stars is limited to observing the celestial bodies upon which the conditions are such that organized matter can exist in a durable form.

In the planet Mars the density of a cubic meter of water, earth or any matter is only the seventeenth of what it is here, and the weight is only .88. A kilogram transported to Mars would, therefore, only weigh 876 grains there and a man or woman weighing 70 kilos would only weigh 26 there. The years are nearly twice as long as our own planet and the climatological conditions seem much more favorable than here are.

The conditions necessary to life are, we know, multifarious, as the structure of the organic matter is so complicated.—Camille Flammarion in Harper's.

Which would you rather look like: Your mother's kin or your father's?



MISS GENEVIVE MAY

## CATARH OF STOMACH CURED BY PE-RU-NA

Miss Genevive May, 1317 S. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind., Member Second High School Alumni Ass'n, writes:

"Peruna is the finest regulator of a disordered stomach I have ever found. It certainly deserves high praise, for it is skillfully prepared."

"I was in a terrible condition from a neglected case of catarrh of the stomach. My food had long ceased to be of any good and only distressed me after eating. I was nauseated, had heartburn and headaches, and felt run down completely. But in two weeks after I took Peruna I was a changed person. A few bottles of the medicine made a great change, and in three months my stomach was cleared of catarrh, and my entire system in a better condition."—Genevive May.

Write Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence held strictly confidential.



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## WATERPROOF KHAKI.

Best Clothing made for lumbermen, miners and prospectors. Baseball suits made to order. C. C. Filson, 1011 1st Ave., Seattle, Wash.

EASTERN Washington Wheat Lands and Irrigated Lands for sale or exchange. What have you for sale or exchange?  
O. W. BROWN, 415 Pacific Block, Seattle, Wash.

WE have in stock a fine lot of government Khaki coats and pants which are selling for \$2.75 a suit. They are just what you want for hunting, mining, fishing, camping, prospecting, ranching and lumbering.  
W. S. KIRK, 1209 1st Ave., Seattle.

WE have a large list of improved and unimproved farm lands in this State that we can sell on small payment, long time on balance. Tell us when you want to locate.

E. C. BYERS & CO., 327 Arcade Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

Notice: Now is the time to get your Fireworks—Roman Candles, Sky Rockets, Fire Crackers, Torpedoes, Giant Cannon Crackers, Blank Cartridges, Canees and Ammunition.  
Send for our \$3.00 assortment.  
A. L. HALL, 1111 First Ave., Seattle.

## THE BEST TONIC

When the system gets debilitated and in a run-down condition it needs a tonic and there has never been one discovered that is the equal of S. S. S. It is especially adapted for a systemic remedy, because it contains no strong minerals to derange the stomach and digestion, and affect the liver and bowels. It is made entirely of roots, herbs and barks selected for their purifying and healing qualities, and possesses just the properties that are needed to restore to the body strong robust health. When the blood becomes impure and clogged with waste matters and poisons the body does not receive sufficient nourishment and suffers from debility, weakness, sleeplessness, nervousness, loss of appetite, bad digestion and many other disagreeable symptoms of a disordered blood circulation, and if it is not corrected sooner or later of malignant fever or other dangerous disorder will follow. S. S. S. builds up the broken down constitution, clears the blood of all poisons and impurities and makes it strong and healthy. The nerves are restored to a calm restful state, refreshing sleep is had again, the appetite returns and the whole system is toned up by this great remedy. S. S. S. is a blood purifier and tonic and acts promptly in this run-down depleted condition of the system. Book on the blood and medical advice furnished by our physicians, without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

## CRANKS AND THEIR DRESS.

Freak Costumes Worn in Different Parts of the World.

The oriental magnificence of Lord Anglesey's wardrobe, which excited so much amusement at the recent sales, is probably without parallel in Europe, says London Tit-Bits. But even queerer, if less costly, apparel has been and is being worn by cranks all over the world.

Last spring, in the Viennese law courts, the relatives of Herr Szelnicki applied to have him adjudged a lunatic. As the only allegation against Szelnicki's conduct was that he wore queer clothes, the court refused the application. But in the course of the evidence, it appeared that Szelnicki, when on his country estate, invariably dressed himself like a tortoise. He wore a leather suit designed with big scales, an exact imitation of the slowest of animals.

The Madrid newspaper, Herado, some time ago devoted an article to the freak costumes imposed by a retired electrician, named Linares, upon his domestic servants. Each person in the house represented a particular flower, their outer garments being embroidered with roses, lilies, violets and so on. Senior Linares' own garments were adorned with carnations.

In Athens exists a society for reviving the ancient classical dress. The members go about in Grecian robes, and wear real sandals instead of boots.

One of the queerest characters of Montmartre, in Paris, some years ago, was a miser, reputed to be a millionaire, who paraded the streets garbed in brightly printed cotton, of the kind generally used for women's blouses. Pere Greville, as he was called, had a mania for pockets. He usually had at least six on the front of his cotton jacket and out of each pocket protruded a packet of grimy papers. Greville never wore a hat, but carried an umbrella over his head in all weathers.

Gold lace seems to have been the fad of a gentleman described in the Berlin Post as a "rich Silesian land owner," who was fined at the police court for causing a crowd to assemble. "The accused's clothing, which was made of blue serge," says the report, "was completely covered with gold lace and braid. Even his shoes were thus decorated. The accused's brother explained his conduct on the ground of eccentricity and stated that he possessed no fewer than 20 suits of clothes, all embroidered with gold in various designs."

Queer ideas of art are responsible for many bizarre garments. During the height of the new art craze in Vienna, Herr Kanparowitch, a Pole, wore the most marvelous clothes on record. His sleeves were adorned with sinuous maidens in colored braid, while anemic, unnatural trees similarly embroidered sprouted from the bottom of his trousers up to his waistcoat. His coat fell away in graceful curves and was embroidered on the back with lotus flowers. Kanparowitch attempted to found a new school of dress, but his project was killed by ridicule. The sartorial effects of Sig. Graeglia, a rich Neapolitan contractor, were achieved with mirrors. All Graeglia's clothes had looking-glass buttons and were "inlaid" with medallions of the same dazzling material. "When he was out walking in the sunshine," says the Tribune, in an obituary notice, "his appearance was blinding and it was impossible to stand with one's back to the sun and look at him."

## Odd Names.

Miss Death was brought to the German hospital in Philadelphia, says Fuel, to be operated upon for appendicitis. She was a daughter, she said, of an undertaker.

The name of the surgeon who was chosen to perform the operation was Dye—Dr. Frank Hackett Dye. When the operation was over Miss Death was placed in charge of two nurses.

Miss Payne is the day nurse. Miss Grone is the night nurse. The patient recovered rapidly and in a short time bade good-by to Dr. Dye, Miss Payne and Miss Grone.—Philadelphia Record.

## Play Ball.

"Do you remember yore first ball an' bat?" asked Fuzzy Fred, as he lay on the grass watching some boys who were trying to take a fall out of the national game.

"I kin remember me first 'bat' all right," replied Hilarious Henry, "but me mind don't seem ter meander back as far as me first 'bawl'!"

## Hens' Rights.

There is a story of an old New Hampshire doctor who, on taking out a wagon that had not been used for some time, found that a hen was sitting in it. He merely "harnessed up" without disturbing her, and he and biddy made a series of calls. The Boston Herald offers this true story of the town of Amesbury, which owns a small fire apparatus:

Outside the fire limits is a small community that, on petition, received an appropriation for the purchase of a "hand-tub." It was installed in an abandoned blacksmith shop, where it remained for two years, used only for decorative purposes in street parades.

Last summer a stroke of lightning started a small fire in a farmhouse near by. The volunteer department rallied at once, but when the arrived at the engine-house, the foreman stood at the door.

"Don't touch her, boys!" cried he. "I've got two hens settin' in the box. Let's use buckets."

They agreed, and the hens were allowed to pursue their incubating ways.

## Time to Get Out.

Tom—I don't see you automobiling with Miss Giddyup any more.

Jack—No; I weighed her in the balance and found her wanting.

Tom—Wanting what?

Jack—Well, wanting to face the parson with me, for one thing.

Young Borem (lime, 11:45 p. m.)—Really I must be going; it's getting late.

Miss Wearyun (strangling a yawn)—Well, you know the old saying.

Young Borem—What's that?

Miss Wearyun—Better late than never.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Helped the Game.

"Billkins is a great humorist."

"Well, he is an industrious scrap book keeper."—Illinois State Journal

Industrious wisdom often prevents what lazy folly thinks inevitable.—Simmons.

Mother will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

## Appropriate.

Rodrick—Now they are thinking about bringing out the life of Halsull. Van Albert—Well, it would be rather expensive.

Rodrick—How so?

Van Albert—It would have to be bound in Morocco.

For bronchial troubles try Piso's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

## Her Choice.

Sweetness—I took my defeat more gracefully after I found you had thrown me down for a man without a spear of hair on his head!

Miss Coluileigh—I'll admit you have rather the better of him in some ways, but you see it was the inside of the heads that I was comparing.

## To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, it cures chafing, damp, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures Corns and Bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

## The Simple Truth.

"What's your chicken salad to-day?" asked the shopper in the delicatessen department.

"Veal, mostly, ma'am," replied the new salesman.

When a man is about 50 years old, he is betwixt and between: too young to die, and too old to live.

## Just Discrimination in Railway Rates.

All railroad men qualified to speak on the subject in a responsible way are likely to agree with President Samuel Spencer of the Southern Railway when he says: "There is no division of opinion as to the desirability of stopping all secret or unjustly discriminatory devices and practices of whatsoever character."

Mr. Spencer, in speaking of "unjustly discriminatory" rates and devices, makes a distinction which is at once apparent to common sense. There may be discrimination in freight rates which is just, reasonable and imperatively required by the complex commercial and geographical conditions with which expert rate makers have to deal. To abolish such open and honest discrimination might paralyze the industries of cities, states and whole sections of our national territory.

This discrimination between just and unjust discrimination is clearly recognized in the conclusions of the International Railway congress, recently published:

"Tariffs should be based on commercial principles, taking into account the special conditions which bear upon the commercial value of the services rendered. With the reservation that rates shall be charged without arbitrary discrimination to all shippers alike under like conditions, the making of rates should be as far as possible have all the elasticity necessary to permit the development of the traffic and to produce the greatest results to the public and to the railroads themselves."

The present proposal of Mr. Walker D. Hines, of Louisville, in his remarkable testimony the other day before the senate committee at Washington, to crystallize the flexible and justly discriminatory rates into fixed government rates which cannot be changed except by the intervention of some government tribunal, and by this very process increase the "temptation to depart from the published rate and the lawful rate in order to meet some overpowering and urgent commercial condition."—New York Sun.

## RUSSELL SAGE'S MILLIONS.

He Is Said to Have Made Them Chiefly by Lending Money.

"How much is Russell Sage worth?" Many bankers and stockholders in Wall street have been asking one another this question, says the New York World, for, naturally, the accumulation of money most deeply interests them.

The question was provoked by the report that Mr. Sage's lawyers are winding up his affairs and that the dean of the street, who is 89 years old and whose health is not the best, will retire from business absolutely as soon as he can.

The answers to the question varied greatly. The few who have some acquaintance with the veteran's financial affairs fixed his fortune at \$25,000,000; most estimated it at twice that amount; many "guessed" that he had piled up \$100,000,000. All agreed that Russell Sage can, at shorter notice, lay his hand on more ready cash than any man in this country, barring John D. Rockefeller.

"No man in America has been more secretive nor more reticent in business than Russell Sage. He has never had a partner in the street, he has worked there single-handed and with both hands, save for the aid of clerks and other subordinates. He has never practiced the modern 'high finance'; it is doubtful if he knows much about it. He has made money breed money and he alone has been shepherd of his flock with the golden fleeces.

"His fortune is the fruit of the profoundest prudence, the extremest thrift. He has been fortunate in his investments because he has always made sure of their value before investing. He has never taken a risk when he lent money and he has done little except lend money for the last ten years. Always, especially in panicky times, he has received high rates of interest.

"Yet I am as certain as any man can be that when Mr. Sage's estate is settled up and his securities are realized on there will be not more than \$25,000,000."

So said a banker yesterday who knows as much as any man of Mr. Sage's affairs.

"Mr. Sage has been arranging to retire from business for two years or more," he continued. "He yielded then to the importunities of Mrs. Sage and of Dr. Munn, his physician, to pass the winter of his life away from Wall street. When Mr. Sage came here from Troy, after serving two terms in Congress from Rensselaer county, he had enough money to start a brokerage business. He made a specialty of 'puts' and 'calls' and so successful was he that I know of one year in which he did a business of \$25,000,000 and came out \$10,000,000 ahead.

"But that does not mean that he made a fabulous fortune. A man who took the chances he did in 'puts' and 'calls' stood to lose almost as much as he made. It was not until about ten years ago that Mr. Sage gave himself up to money lending entirely. He took nothing but gilt-edge securities and though he rarely lost his fortune did not grow with leaps and bounds.

"I have heard him say lately he is worth scarcely \$25,000,000. He has been exacting in money matters, but Mrs. Sage has given away great sums of money—of course, with his approval."

## Colorado Has a Soda Lake.

One of the most remarkable discoveries ever made in the region is that of a lake of liquid soda in the inaccessible desert between Crestone, Colo., and Hooper, in the San Luis valley. The lake is an acre and a quarter in extent and lies at the bottom of a little basin valley in the desert. On its surface soda crystals have collected to a depth of eighteen inches, the whole lake having the appearance of a body of ice with a hard snow covering.

A recent examination by the State School of Mines shows that these crystals are 87 per cent pure soda, purer than most of the commercial soda offered on the market. A Denver man, E. M. Falke, has secured a lease of the land containing the lake and is now installing machinery which will convert the native crystals into marketable form. There are 4,000 tons in sight.

The School of Mines experts say that the soda is a creation of feldspar. The granite masses of the Sangre de Cristo range stand sentinel on two sides of the little valley. The feldspar in the granite, undergoing decomposition, collects in the lake basin, where it is held in check by an impervious clay, and proper conditions are furnished for concentration and evaporation.

## An Earthquake Specialist.

Professor John Milne, of England, was for twenty years in the employ of the Japanese government, and during this period established an earthquake survey with nearly 1,000 stations. The cable companies always appeal to him when their lines are interrupted by earth tremors. Some time since it was reported that two West Indian cables had broken on Dec. 31. "That is very unlikely," said Professor Milne, "but I have a seismophone showing that these cables may have broken at 11:30 a. m. on Dec. 29." He then located the break at the exact spot it had occurred off Haiti.

## WRITE AND ASK "what an investment business lot will do for you" in the great mineral and timber city of

Darrington. GEO. M. CRAWFORD & CO., 406 Bailey Bldg., Seattle.



"Little boy, I'll give you a dime if you'll promise me you'll not smoke those vile cigarettes."

"Make it a quarter, miss. I can't afford any odder kind but de vile ones for a dime—I got to buy big packages."—Chicago Tribune.

## The Song of the Hair

There are four verses. Verse 1. Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. Verse 2. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops falling hair. Verse 3. Ayer's Hair Vigor cures dandruff. Verse 4. Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. The chorus is sung by millions.

"Before using Ayer's Hair Vigor I had very thin and very poor hair. But I continued to use the Vigor until my hair greatly improved in every way. I have used it off and on for the past ten years."—Mrs. M. DAYTON, Newark, N. J.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.

900 DROPS

**CASTORIA**

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## Best and Surest Investment on Earth Seattle Real Estate

Capitol Hill Addition, Division No. 6 has been platted and is now on the market. The City has recently acquired 150 acres between this tract and the University, for Park purposes; and 18th Avenue has been widened to 81 feet as part of the Seattle Driveway, giving a splendid Boulevard through the tract to the University, making it the most desirable residence property in the city.

Overlooking Lake Washington, Lake Union, the mountains, and a large portion of the residence section, this tract affords one of the finest views int he city.

The building restrictions range from \$1,500 to \$3,000, and no stores, flats or saloons are allowed. A car line is now within three blocks and two new lines are projected through this Addition, one of which will run direct to the University.

This tract, and other divisions of Capitol Hill, comprise the largest section in the city with building restrictions and positively insures a safe investment, and desirable home sites.

Prices per front ft. \$18.75 to \$25.00, with street graded and cement sidewalks paid. Write for plats and maps of addition. You have the privilege of exchanging any lot chosen by mail for any unsold lot, and we will refund your transportation the first time you come to the city providing you buy, or have bought, a lot from us, and live in this state.

**H. S. Turner Investment Co.,**

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SEATTLE

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### ONE PRICE

This Cottage Front Window Only \$3.49—The bottom glass is 40x10 and the top glass is 40x20, arranged with margin light effect, as shown in illustration. The outside measure of the window is 3 feet 8 inches wide, by 5 feet 6 inches high. These beautiful cottage front windows add greatly to the appearance of a house, and the extra expense is small.

I carry in stock 1,000 Cottage Front Windows—Send for my price lists illustrating, pricing and describing these beautiful windows, also quoting wholesale prices on doors, sash, hardware, glass, window frames and door frames, etc. Buy direct at wholesale prices.

**O. B. WILLIAMS,** 1505 Third Avenue, SEATTLE, WASH.

The Largest and Most Favorably Known Sash and Door Dealer in the Northwest.

S. N. U. No. 26-1905

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**PISO'S CURE FOR**

SWELLING OF ALL LILLS, GLEETS, BRUISES, SORES, ETC. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

**CONSUMPTION**



THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1905.

Ex-Governor Swineford is denominated a "crank" by some for the interest he has shown for the betterment of conditions in Alaska and his zeal for the cause of home government for the district. Let the few of those opposed to him in these particulars, call him what they may; the old man is right, and those are with him, heart and soul, on the propositions advanced, can be counted by the thousands. While his versatile pen is silent and sadly missed, the seed sown and the thoughts disseminated on the all-important subject of a free people in Alaska, will bear their fruit in due season, and with that other champion of equality and justice, Arthur K. Delaney, deceased, will pass from this life honored and beloved for his effort in behalf of an outraged people. From present appearances nothing is contemplated for the betterment of Alaska's condition at the next session of congress—except, perhaps to put it under a "bureau at Washington," with the other "insular possessions." With laws imperfect and far from requisite to meet our present needs and demands, what are we to do with no one authorized to speak in our behalf? Here, again, Gov. Swineford offers a panacea that will cure this defect. It is this: Let a convention composed of delegates from all parts of the district be called, to meet at some date before the assembling of the next congress, and select one, two or three representative men to represent the district at Washington. Surely if this were done, the choice of this convention could be considered as clothed with authority to speak for the people, and we see no reason why they should not be, recognized—to some degree, at least. Let other sections of Alaska think over this proposition. The time is short, and if anything is done it must be done soon. But that something must be done is apparent.

Why do people patronize mail order houses? Is it because they love their proprietors, because they like to send their money away from home, because they receive better treatment than from home merchants, because of a greater variety to select from, because they get a better quality of goods, because they get lower prices? No! Not one of these reasons will hold. Here is the main reason: They think they get lower prices. All the wisdom, experience, cunning and trickery of the retail mail order man is concentrated on his effort to make people think he sells goods cheap. He tells about cutting out the middleman, and his low selling expense, when investigation will show that he buys from the same people as the home retailer and that his selling expenses are enormous. He can't and doesn't sell as cheap as the home merchant. Knowing he can't, he resorts to cunning—he uses bait. Now every progressive merchant upon occasion cuts prices; oftentimes to less than cost. He is honest about it. He advertises the fact. He doesn't attempt to show that all his goods are sold on that basis all the time. The mail order man also cuts prices occasionally. In fact, he has but a price or two in every line of goods shown in his catalogue, and they are always an item of well known value. But he seldom advertises them at cut prices. Not much! He is smooth. He aims to give the impression, and, alas, quite often succeeds, that all his prices are just as low. His cut prices are bait. He more than makes up for it on the price asked for other articles whose value is not so well known. He gets the customers' order and confidence with bait price and then "fries 'em out" with high prices and good profits. Or he tempts the order with such a bait price and then sends a substitute article. Home merchants can meet the price of any mail order house. Distinguish between lures and bait.

## Statement of Custom House Transactions

In the District of Alaska, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905:

VALUE OF:—	1904.	1905		
Domestic gold shipped to the U. S.	\$ 6,346,742	\$ 9,050,647		
Domestic gold exported from Alaska	302,731	718,512		
Gold imported from foreign countries	10,462,852	10,829,517		
Domestic exports from Alaska	1,547,280	1,063,026		
Shipments of domestic mdse. to U. S.	10,170,851	10,700,492		
Mdse imported direct from foreign countries	836,925	1,450,910		
Total receipts during year by subports:				
Imports.	Tonnage	Value.		
Ketchikan.....	\$ 3889 17	\$1151 73		
Wrangell.....	715 65	23 35		
Juneau.....	1937 33	262 14		
Skagway.....	1919 93	123 35		
Etah.....	62307 52	1230 27		
Forty Mile.....	4122 61	150 00		
St. Michael.....	327 35	40 00		
Nome.....	7717 33	503 91		
Unalakleet.....	2319 34	75 87		
Sand Point.....	1281 04	150 00		
Kodiak.....	253 33	50 00		
Valdez.....	605 22	72 48		
Sitka.....	2356 09	2 20		
Total.....	\$114983 12	\$3442 95		
Total collections during fiscal year 1904.....\$65,048 77				
EXPENSES.				
Salaries.	Contingent.	Rents.		
\$55,526 68	\$7,551 84	\$3,906 83		
Total expenses during the fiscal year.....\$65,654 94				
Entered.				
Cleared.				
1904.	1905	1904	1905	
Vessels in fore,gn trade.....	261	359	198	265
Vessels in domestic trade.....	369	376	356	390
Entries taken			1904	1905
For immediate consumption.....			1984	2806
For transportation and exportation.....			1186	592
Totals.....			3170	3398

From an item in the Seattle Star of July 17th, it would seem that Capt. Edwin Hofstad, of this place, and a number of associates have found a copper and gold mine that has for years been known to exist at Iliamna Lake, about 300 miles from Sunrise City, Cook's Inlet, that for richness surpasses anything ever found on the Pacific slope. It is said that 3,000,000 tons of ore is in sight that assays \$130 per ton in copper and gold. Many tragic tales are connected with the famous lode, the latest being the murder by one of the recent locators, Nels Knudson, who, in company with Captain Edwin Hofstad, drove locating stakes for nearly a mile and a half on the copper glance, and Knudson made preparations to spend the winter on the claims. It was while Capt. Hofstad was hastening to the nearest government place of record that the Indians, true to their traditional hatred of the whites in preventing the securing of the property which they had surrounded with Indian lore, ambushed the lone prospector and murdered the only man able to conduct anyone to the fabulous mine. Since that time Hofstad has spent months of time and large sums of money in determining not only the fate of his partner but the location of the ore. The Star further says that as early in history as 1852 the Russians worked these copper mines and it was from this source that the czar fattened the monarchical strong box, but one day the fast increasing horde failed to materialize and a second band of colonists searched in vain for the lost city and the valuable copper mines. The Knudson mine is an immense body of copper ore, the main vein being 25 feet in thickness, which runs for miles without variation, and at one point is cut in twain by a mountain stream along whose bed is strewn copper boulders that have become worn and shining by the action of the water.

By reference to the tabulated statement of the customs business in Alaska for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, and a comparative statement of 1904, it will be seen that the increase in the volume of business to the government, is steadily on the upward grade. Although the expenses of maintaining the customs service exceeded the receipts by about \$4,000, if the business shall continue to increase as rapidly as it has the past few years, the deficit will be wiped out and the balance placed on the other side of the ledger. The customs business is now on a good footing in Alaska.

Newspaper men, as a general thing, are a set of "chumps." They will get in and fight the battles of persons and concerns, and receive often as compensation the cold shoulder of those whose battles they fought. It were ever thus.

Alaska is surely feeling the effects of the Portland fair, in the large number of tourists that are visiting our district.

Ex-Congressman Ryan is a close observer and took in things pretty closely as he passed through S. E. Alaska, and he says that if congressmen understood the true situation of affairs here, that Alaska's "Panhandle"—that is from Dixon's Entrance to Yakutat—would be formed into statehood at a very early day. He says the population is here, the resources are here to support a home government, and what more is necessary [he is unable to perceive. So say many of our distinguished visitors. If they would stop and consider that the main thing that is keeping us from statehood is an immense lobby at Washington of a concern that hangs onto the control of Alaska with a death grip, they would see very plainly the reason that the people of this country are a nonentity when it comes to even suggesting how their affairs should be run.

Everybody in this section will be pleased to learn that the Olympic Mining Co., are contemplating beginning operations at as early a date as practicable. Manager Harvey has worked hard the past year to put the company on a firm basis, and at last is rewarded by securing a full reorganization of the same and a sufficient capitalization to pay all indebtedness and put the idle machinery in motion. All Wrangell says Good!

Who says Wrangell isn't all right?

J. F. Connelly. J. M. Lane

Lane &amp; Connelly,

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Fine Cigars.

204 and 206 Market St.,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

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BEST HOME NEWSPAPER.

Throughout the great Western and Southwestern country, the Twice-A-Week Republic is recognized as the Best HOME NEWSPAPER. Read regularly by more than half a million persons twice every week, and firmly established as a welcome visitor to the homes of its great multitude of subscribers by a reputation founded in the progress of almost an entire century, it is at once the oldest and most complete weekly newspaper published in the vast territory through which it circulates.

The Twice-a-Week Republic contains ALL the news of the world, and is consequently the mirror that reflects the doings of the world at large. The price of this great paper is \$1 per year; but as long evenings are coming on, as an inducement to give our subscribers all the news, cheap, to all who will pay their subscriptions one year in advance we will send the SENTINEL and Twice-a-Week Republic for \$2 per year—the price of the SENTINEL alone. Don't miss this opportunity of getting your reading for the winter.

## Wrangell Drug Co

—Has on Sale—

## 1905 Calendars

At 10c and 15c., worth 50c.

Why not write on the

## Best of Paper?

We are selling all Stationery at HALF PRICE.

A Fine assortment of

## Trusses

And Leather Goods

Just arrived.

Call and See Us.

No Trouble to Show Goods.

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## DENNY'S Chop

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Open from 6 a. m. to 12 M.

Meals, 35c. and up.

Dr. E. I. GREEN,

## DENTIST.

WRANGELL, ALASKA.

Crown and Bridgework

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Office on Front Street.

LARGEST HOTEL IN ALASKA.

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Travelers, Tourists and all others Invited to call. Courteous Treatment

Extended to all Guests of this House.

FRONT STREET. WRANGELL, ALASKA.

J. E. LATHROP.

Electric Lighted Throughout.

HEATED ROOMS.

## The Horse Shoe!

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KETCHIKAN, ALASKA.

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Sample Rooms

In Connection.

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## RAW FURS

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Alaska Furriers' Association. Very low prices paid. Quick cash returns. Shipments held until returns approved, when requested. Make trial shipment. Convince yourself.

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F. CHON' Proprietor.

Open from 6:30 a. m. to 10:30 p. m.

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Coffee and Pie 15c.

## Best Bread and Pasty

Always on Hand;

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H. D. CAMPBELL,

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General Hardware.

Stoves: Graniteware,

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Boat Hardware a Specialty.

Wrangell, Alaska.

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Travelers, Tourists and all others Invited to call. Courteous Treatment

Extended to all Guests of this House.

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Latest Papers

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Try His CHOICE CANDIES

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FRAGRANT SMOKES.

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FINEST IN ALASKA!

The Hudson Bay Company's

ELEGANT STEAMER

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—Will make trips throughout the summer between—

Wrangell, Alaska and Telegraph Creek, B C

Affording every luxury known to travel, and will run special trips in

September this year for the accommodation of Big Game Hunters.

For rates apply to G. LOCKERBY, Purser, Wrangell.

ALSO, A COMPLETE LINE OF

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## Barber Shop and Bath Rooms.

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Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry and Game,

Wholesale and Retail. Shipping Supplied at Lowest Rates.

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A trial and you will cer-

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Choicest Lines of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Best Treatment to Everybody.

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First Class House in all Particulars.

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